NORMAN HOLT

SHRILL AND WAILING THE NOTES OF PLEYEL'S HYMN ROSE AND FELL.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Norman Holt, favorite son of an old Kentucky family, is reprimanded at West Point for dueling and is withdrawn by his high-spirited father. His homecoming in the winter of '60 is celebrated by an old-fashioned Kentucky Christmas gathering. Among the guests are Daisy Lane, daughter of Dr. Holt's lawyer, and J. Burnett Malloy, both of Cincinnati. The latter brings letters of introduction from Lane's partner, Mr. McIntyre, and is courteously received, but arouses the jealousy of Norman Holt by his attentions to Daisy Lane. Malloy separates Miss Lane from the main party during a fox hunt and at Lincoln's, the same evening affects an air of proprietorship distasteful to Daisy and obnoxious to his rival, Norman Holt. But all ill feeling is forgotten when at midnight all surround Dr. Holt to drink the Christmas punch, which ceremony is interrupted by a midnight messenger who announces the dangerous illness of Judge McIntyre. Investigation reveals his financial affairs in a hopeless tangle, and the Holt fortune dissipated. Henry and Norman enter Lane's law office in Cincinnati. Norman enlists as a private in the Ohio infantry. Malloy, through political influence, is lieutenant in the same company, and Henry Holt joins the confederate forces. Norman is ordered to conduct a skirmishing party under Captain Whig to Bellevue, in search of prominent rebels. Gelavue raid fails, Whig captured and Norman accused of treachery. Rain force saves him from trial and takes him to the hospital. Charges against Norman are dismissed by Enyart. Norman rejoins his regiment and asks Sheridan in capturing Henry Holt. Norman Holt dragged by Malloy while on picket duty is found asleep at his post. Court martial convicts Norman, who demands that Malloy, whose testimony convicted him, shall head firing party on the day of his death.

Chapter XVI.

September, and all the north was in wild alarm! Lee, outfighting Pope and outstripping McClellan, had leaped the Potomac, and was swinging northward

"I WASHED HIS FACE AND PAINTED HIM."

through the heart of Maryland, the bankers riding within hail of Washington. Bragg, dodging Buell, was bursting into Kentucky, where Kirby Smith was already at work, his foremost troopers shaking their flats and flaunting their guidons in the very face of Cincinnati. At the national capital there was amaze and despond. Throughout the southland was sad exultation. Through Nashville, day after day poured the divisions of the old army of the Ohio, hanging on the left flank of the foe, yet never checking his stride. The peril of the Union oppressed every loyal heart. The fate of the old flag hung in the balance. "Let the dead bury their dead," moaned the over-weighted president. "Every man must be at the front. I cannot grant a release." It was in answer to the plea of a convalescent soldier, begging only for two days in which to carry home the body of his beloved wife, who had nursed him and his men through the Chickahominy fever, only to fall at last herself. So the national capital there was amaze, day after day...

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"You Shot Him."

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(To be Continued.)
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